

Of Mothers and Sons
by GibbousLunation

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Summary: Sometimes Hiccup wishes he remembered what his mother said before she left, other times he's glad he doesn't. [Now a series of short Hiccup thoughts]

1. Chapter 1

A/N: just a rambly drabble about Hiccup and what he remembers of his mother. As far as I'm aware from the small little glimpse given of the new movie, this does not follow canon. It does take place somewhere after the events of the first movie, but as I've never watched the tv show, probably deviates from that as well.

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><p>Hiccup didn't think about his mother often; he missed her, obviously, but thinking about her deep breathy laugh and the softness of her steel grey eyes left him feeling more hollow than anything. He couldn't remember much about her anymore, that thought alone was enough to leave him gasping awake in the middle of the night, an intangible weight pressing a hole somewhere deep in his chest.</p>

His dad and him never talked in much detail about her either, well, they never used to talk at all about anything but even with their relationship on the mend, his mother was a sore spot for the both of them. Hiccup was never really sure what happened to her, as a result. It was like his memory repressed the incident and the days around it, all he could recall was confusion and vague impressions of feelings and sounds. He felt her hand ruffling his hair, a figure vanishing into a foggy bank, and the sound of wooden masts creaking in the

breeze. He knew his father hadn't been able to look at him for weeks, locking himself away in the Great Hall and talking to no one but Gobber. He remembered the way everyone looked at him, with pity and pain, and how when he caught their eyes they'd look down and leave as fast as they could. He knew how it hurt, seeing all the other mothers, the other kids with their families; how breathing felt like fire for a long time after. Sometimes he wished he could remember what she'd said before she left, other times he was glad he didn't.

Astrid once told him that he was too shy around girls, that he held himself differently around her and everyone else. Obviously, he was more relaxed around her specifically, they'd been through enough it felt almost natural. Girls and women as a whole were strange and foreign, an uncharted location. He thought of them as exceedingly powerful, fantastically strong and wise, and he was sort of almost afraid of them. Or maybe a lot. He'd grown up with Gobber and Stoic, the two most gnarly and grizzled men in their village. Being the weak chicken legged screw up he'd always been, it was hard to feel confident and comfortable on a regular day.

Now, though, he had friends. And his father's respect. The whole village's respect even. He'd stopped the fight with the dragons, saved everyone from the Red Death, Odin- people actually liked him now. He'd never really been confident but he was happy; he believed him and Toothless could accomplish whatever they set their minds to, and that was better than anything he could ask for. Well, almost anything. There was a pressure on him, now. People looked to him when there were problems with dragons, or with livestock, or honestly when any sort of dilemma arose; they expected he'd have a scheme or a diagram to walk them through it. They expected him to be the brains that solved everything, and by Thor he was more terrified about letting them down than anything else.

There were some days where the stump of his leg would shoot small bursts of pain where it connected to the metal hunk of his foot, like reminders of the people he'd let down and the mistakes he'd made. He felt small. The skies and land he'd travelled were limitless and immense and he was just some boy with twig arms and a knack for saying the exact wrong thing. Days like these he'd take Toothless and fly as fast as he could push them, until the wind stole the breath from his lungs. They'd lie on a hilltop somewhere, and Hiccup would try to see the shape of a viking hat in the bright lights pinning up the sky.

He hoped his mother would be proud of him. That she would have hugged him and laughed with him and called him her "fire-eyed fishbone" with kisses and smiles.

He wondered, if she had seen what he could have been, all the triumphant victories, medals, and accomplishments, maybe she would have stayed.

2. Chapter 2

A/N: This was just a standalone fic, but I just saw Httyd2 and really felt like there was something missing from this particular scene and thus I wanted to elaborate a bit I suppose. Heads up though to any returning readers that this is very much a spoiler, so read with

caution!

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><p>Hiccup's first thought was that it was incredible. His mother was alive, surrounded by multitudes of dragons, some of which he'd never even heard of before, some of which his careful archiving and historical studying had never covered. His mother was alive, and well, graceful in the sort of way that seemed as though her feet were lifted by air and stronger than hand crafted metal. His mother was alive. So very alive. It was breathtaking, awe inspiring, and he supposed he might have gone momentarily catatonic. There was an indefinite amount of information to process, and it was incredible in multiple different angles.</p>

His second thought, however, was wrought with confusion and immense hurt. His mother, was alive. All this time hiding out in a cavern so close by it left a vague echoing pain in Hiccup's chest. Abruptly he felt a fury building in his bones between the echoes. Who was she to leave them all these years? To make them think she died? Over a misunderstanding and stubbornness of all things- which, as vikings, were traits one would often automatically associate with day to day conversations. He wasn't so much angry on his own behalf- he'd hardly known her, it was hard to miss something you'd never really had- as much as he was brimming with hurt on behalf of his father.

His poor love struck father, Stoic, who'd talked so gently and lovingly of a wife who had meant the stars and more to him. Hiccup recalled the distant, glazed over, achingly pained look in his fathers eyes when he'd think of her. How his voice would grow so soft, softer than anyone could have assumed from such a burly cheiftan. Hiccup thought of the stories he'd tell, of a woman so sharp tongued and quick witted she'd chased off half the village once to clear a patch for a dragon migration, a force of pure nature surely a daughter of Odin herself. He looked at the unsure figure in front of him, the one desperately pleading for a place in his new life, for a chance to start over. Part of him wanted to laugh. The majority of him felt like screaming.

She was incredible, that wasn't a question as much as a fact. Valka moved like a dragoness, tender-footed and silent; it was clear her grasp on dragons as a species was infinitely more developed than his. She saw them as her pack, this cave her treasure trove. Where Hiccup saw mysterious and friendly creatures, she saw kin. And yet, she was so very much like him it almost terrified him. He'd spent so long wondering if she was looking down on him from Valhalla and giving him her blessing, to see this woman staring at him so openly nervous felt so wrong, so immensely wrong. She wasn't a legend at all, she was just a woman with fears that had buried her for so long she'd decided running away from her problems was a better alternative than raising her own son. Some goddess. Some mother!

He wanted to demand answers. Surely Stoic's stubbornness and thick headed qualities weren't enough for her to just forget about them or else she wouldn't have married him in the first place. Why hadn't she tried to come back? Why hadn't she flown in with her pack and shown them a different side to dragons like Hiccup had tried? Why hadn't she missed them? Why hadn't she loved them enough to try?

And yet, he saw the way her hand shook as she reached towards him,

the stutter in her steps when he moved too close. The panic that was building in the tightness of her eyes with every second he spent in quiet stillness. How could he stay angry at someone who clearly hadn't forgiven herself? He could practically feel her regret like a cloud of smog that was slowly suffocating her, how could he cause her more pain when she'd bared it all alone for twenty years?

She was here now, their family was whole now. His mother was alive, and she was proud of him. That was more than enough. It was more than Hiccup had ever had the courage to dream of.

So as she reached for him, cautiously, waiting for rejection with wide terrified eyes- he was reminded suddenly of a younger, shakier him holding a dagger above his prized Nightfury. He saw her loneliness, her guilt, her need for acceptance. She'd been the village joke, like him, shut out and made to feel broken and bent. He'd wanted to leave too, at one point... at many points. If Astrid hadn't found them, he probably would have, just taken off and gone where the wind took them. She'd taken her chance at freedom, she'd escaped and made her own destiny where she could be at peace. How could he blame her for that? He understood loneliness more than anyone. But he also understood family, and he supposed he'd have to teach her how to be a part of this one again.

Her hand met his cheek, and he found himself leaning into it, smiling. I found you, Mom. We're going to be okay now, you're going to be okay. I found you and I'm not leaving you behind.

3. Chapter 3

A/N: I deeply apologize for how slow I've been with updating lately, this past month has been a bit of a mess, but I'm trying to get back into the swing of things. Infinite thanks to those who've reviewed so far, especially to ****Lady of Myth and Legends**** for their super inspiring comments, I definitely could not have gotten out of my writing funk without your wonderful words and encouragements! I would also like to say to 'Bob' that I definitely plan on writing a segment regarding that topic, it bothered me immensely that there was no comment about that in the movie. I was going to fit the peg leg issue into this one, but I feel like poor Valka was probably experiencing far too many emotions in the initial scene to process that on top of everything.

Anyhow, thanks again for the support and I hope this chapter doesn't disappoint! I will work on trying to update more frequently, though i probably won't be able to upload anything else until at least next week. I also apologize for the shortness of this chapter, I felt like I reached a good point to end things at, but I promise the next one will be longer. Enjoy!

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><p>Valka had never been the type of person to hide her emotions, she always felt with everything, loved with everything, lived with everything. She supposed that maybe this was one of the reasons she wasn't too popular among other villagers even as a young girl, she tended to speak her mind openly and hold fast to her convictions no matter what kind of friction or dispute it might cause. She wore her anger like an axe, her fears like a blade, and her beliefs like a

torch.<p>

Stoic had always told her that he loved her honesty and openness with the world more than anything, that she felt so deeply and felt no compulsion to hide it away from anyone. This single thought infuriated Valka years ago, because she'd made no effort to hide her disgust or revulsion towards the endless fighting, she'd screamed it to the world on more than one occasion, and yet Stoic had been unable to see it. Or maybe he'd just refused to take it seriously, passing it off as one of 'darling Valka's hair-brained ideas'. Valka didn't enjoy being belittled or coddled, she'd fought hard to become the woman she was. The constant degrading motions of being laughed off, ignored, scoffed at were too much on a regular day; when Stoic had brushed her off as well the first time, she'd almost been broken.

If there was anything Valka was not, she was not breakable.

So when Cloudjumper had unexpectedly given her a way out, she took it, and told herself she'd never looked back. A blatant lie of course, but feeling righteous fury towards something when she'd nearly lost everything gave her some semblance of ground to stand on. Some nights the ground seemed more precarious and less solid than others, though, these were the nights she longed for soft gazes, warm smiles, and gentle whispers. These were the days when she cried for the life she'd lost, the son she'd given up. She'd always known the two of them had lived, they were tied to her being no matter how far she strayed and the pain of losing one of them would strike her just as hard. But Val felt everything deeply, so how could it not? The weeks where her emotions seemed overwhelming, she surrounded herself with the dragons of her new family; she learned how to enjoy their presence quickly, they learned to enjoy hers a bit slower.

She was gawky and awkward at first, stepping on tails and toes more often than not, fearing for her safety a regular daily habit. Of course, none of them ever came close to harming her, and she began to unlearn her old life on Berk one step at a time.

The first time a dragon had returned to the cave with a missing foot from Drago's metal traps and she'd truly felt angry on its behalf, Cloudjumper had taken her to the Alpha. He blew wisps of icy wind around her fingers and shoulders and she began calling the cave, home. And Valka would do anything to protect her home. Stealing dragons away from traps and cages was the single most liberating feeling she'd ever experienced, it felt like filling a void, like reclaiming family members to replace the faded ones of the past. Like chasing ghosts.

The last thing she'd expected was for one to show up at her figurative doorstep, alive and well.

"Should I... know you?"

It's not as if the words hurt, or as if they were said out of malice, but they sent a ripple through her heart regardless. She'd never heard his voice. He would be... 20. He'd be 20 years old, a man, with his own interests and passions and love. Twenty years she'd been missing and here he was. He was so tall, and there was a quiet confidence in his stance that gave him a hard line to his soft features, a fire in his eyes that struck something deep inside her. She felt so inescapably drawn to him, to verify that this wasn't an

echo of her mind or some sign that she'd gone completely mad, and in the reflection of the warm light surrounding them, the faint line on his chin connected all of the pieces in unity. This was her son, this was her Hiccup.

"No... you were only a babe." Almost instantaneously, a myriad of conflicting and overwhelming emotions finally broke down the barriers she'd built up over the decades. Guilt, regret, a hollowing loneliness, all varying degrees of emotions swirling around inside. Amongst it all, a small sliver of hope that had long ago dwindled off, rekindled. He'd been riding on a dragon, he'd known how to calm the dragons surrounding him instead of blindly attacking, he had an aura of calm intellect that she'd never seen before in any other Berkian. Maybe...

"But a mother... never forgets." She felt herself tense, looking up at his furrowed brows almost expectantly. Valka saw the exact second it came together for him, when his guarded eyes lit up with wonder, when his jaw dropped open and his taught muscles slackened with shock. Hiccup looked... suddenly immensely young. As if she'd said the magic words and time had reversed itself, he looked afraid, completely open and full of shock. Valka felt her heart ache for him, for the time they'd lost. She felt a sudden desperation to gain his approval, to turn the fear and confusion into something trusting and real. Valka suddenly wanted nothing more than to see him smile, to hold her son, to apologize for everything. To somehow make up for a lifetime of abandonment; although the task seemed impossible and daunting.

But...There was something so unspeakably breakable about his expression, something she didn't dare try to take lightly or push too hard. Hiccup looked vaguely terrified of her, or of what her presence here meant, she wasn't sure which but neither option gave her any consolation. Valka couldn't imagine the pain she must have put him through, growing up without a mother, in a place so stubborn and closed as Berk. And he was so lean and tiny, she could see the weight of his years already pressing down on his shoulders, on the lines forming around his eyes. Hiccup looked too young and too world weary, it sent fragments of self loathing shooting throughout her limbs.

I did this.

She'd left a loving, precious, child alone in this world, and convinced herself it was for the best so she could avoid her own conscience. Returning to him now probably hurt the poor boy in ways that couldn't possibly recover.

He was a man now, strong in subtle ways, reserved yet infinitely expressive. Valka abruptly recognized the familiarity in his eyes, the tangle of expressions fighting for surface, as her own. She noted the faint lines of anger, the mess of confusion, and finally, the deep seated amazement and hope in his wide eyes. Maybe there was a place for her yet in his life, she would just have to earn it.

She smiled.

"Come with me."

End

file.